THE EVENING TIMES.

FRANK A. MUNSEY

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WORK FOR LOCAL PROGRESS.

Of late there have been many distracting influences in the city of Washington, but we believe that the force of these has been inferior to that of the spirit of progress which is to carry the Capital onward and upward.

Washingtonians are in earnest in the matter of local improvements and their sentiment is not sufficiently ephemeral to yield to the passing winds of spectacular events and attractions. There is every evidence that in every quarter a liberal spirit is working for the attainment of those things which only existed in the wildest dreams of the founders of the city, yet which are to become realities during the present generation.

The sentiment for the embellished Capital must have fuel and it is the duty of every progressive citizen to keep the fire of enthusiasm blazing high. There is scarcely any necessity for reminding the people of this city of the value of steadfastness in behalf of a great popular movement, but an occasional admonition will do more good than harm.

The city beautiful will result only from constant, unremitting agitation and labor. The city beautiful is what Washingtonians want and will have.

A SKETCH OF GEORGE F. BAER.

A Protege of J. Pierpont Morgan.

WHEN J. Pierpont Morgan wanted a man to unify the Reading and Jersey Central Railroad systems, he went over to Pennsylvania for him, and George F. Baer is now a potential figure in the comparatively small group of men who from offices in New York control the great transportation systems which radiate from this metropolis and bring the products of many States to the city's wharves.

To the few railroad men who knew Mr. Baer before he became president of the Reading and Jersey Central Railroads he was known as "the silent lawyer"—a prodigious worker, but nothing of a talker, and in the wider circle in which he is now known he vies with "Silent" Smith, the broker, in reputation for reticence.

Mr. Baer hails from the sequestered county of Somerset, in the central part of Pennsylvania. There he carried a chain in an engineer corps, taught school, read law and devoured literature for some years, and then sought a wider sphere of activity in the railroad and manufacturing city of Reading, Pa.

He has come to be one of the shrewdest and most successful lawyers at the county bar and as resident counsel for the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad was associated with the late Franklin B. Gowen in prosecuting the rioters who destroyed company property during the strikes of 1877. Thenceforth his advancement in the company's service was sure and steady.

When the great iron firm of Seyfert & McManus went under in the 80's, Mr. Baer as receiver rescued the property and organized the Reading Iron Company.

He was a Democrat of the type of those who in Pennsylvania followed the leadership of Samuel J. Randall, the protectionist who long represented a Philadelphia district in Congress. Mr. Randall encouraged Mr. Baer's ambition to go to Congress, but while the lawyer could sway juries and become brilliantly on literary subjects, he was too reserved and self-contained to wrest Berks county from "Uncle Daniel" Ermentrout, who attended the country picnics, kissed the babies, and talked to the farmers about the crops.

Meanwhile he was called up higher in the councils of the Reading Railroad and was an active director at the time he was elected president of that road and of the Jersey Central. It was his capacity as a manager of large interests that led Mr. Morgan to choose him.

Mr. Baer is a slight, wiry man, keen and resourceful, but singularly deficient in small talk. In conversation he strikes one as dull, unless the talk is about railroad affairs, the iron business, the law, or literature—then he talks brilliantly.

With his time divided between the New York and Philadelphia offices of the companies which he has practically united in one system, he still finds time to fill the presidency of Franklin and Marshall College at Lancaster, Pa., and to take a keen interest in the affairs of the little inland city of Reading, Pa., where his home, "Hawthorne," a comfortable stone house of "Seven Gables," nestles on the southern slope of Mount Penn.

In the short time that he has been a railroad president, Mr. Baer has justified Mr. Morgan's estimate of him by rapidly putting into effect the financier's plans for bettering the earning capacity of the properties, and he has astonished the older officers of the roads by his quick mastery of the details of the business.

"He seems never to forget," said one of the officers of the Jersey Central. "He absorbs facts as a sponge does water. He is a good listener, talks little, acts quickly, is never idle, and has the faculty not only of making others work, but of working through them, controlling, shaping, and directing their efforts. Mr. Morgan observed these qualities in George F. Baer, and made him one of his right hands. This is how Mr. Morgan manages with so many irons in the fire."

THE MATRIMONIAL AFFAIRS OF THE FAMOUS GARIBALDI

Garibaldi's matrimonial affairs were always irregular. Soon after the death of Anita he was entrapped into marrying a shameless daughter of the Marquis Ralmondi, who made love to him and captured his confiding heart. The marriage was necessary to shield her from the consequences of an intrigue with one of his best friends, and although he afterward discovered the truth, he did not discard the woman, but lived with her and treated her with more respect than she deserved until her death occurred several years later. Garibaldi had two English sweethearts, both of them women of wealth and position, who threw themselves at his feet and sacrificed their fortunes as well as their reputations in their infatuation for him. He seems to have had an irresistible influence over all women with whom he came in contact, and his respect for the sanctity of marriage was no greater than for the church. He once wrote a novel of a blood and thunder character to expose the corruption and licentiousness of the priesthood. It was entitled "The Rule of the Monk," and the characters were mostly virtuous brigands and patriotic princesses who joined them in remote and secluded mountain fortresses and there lived and loved in the most unconventional manner.

His third wife was a vixen and punished him for the wrongs he had inflicted upon her sex, although she probably did not have the slightest idea of morals or comprehend the law of compensation. Her name was Francesca, and she was a common peasant girl or great beauty, who was employed as a wet nurse by his daughter-in-law. How he came to marry her and why she should have exercised a fascination over a man who was accustomed to the caresses and the adoration of women of intelligence and refinement is one of the mysteries of human nature, but be actually repulsed the advances of ladies of quality while making love to a servant in his own household. Although Francesca had a fatherless child before she came into Garibaldi's family, she seems to have been a true and loyal woman. She had a terrible temper, was insanely jealous, and possessed a strength of character and a determination that made even the great revolutionist quail. She drove away every other woman that came near her husband, and made the latter part of his life miserable by her unreasonable devotion. She was the mother of his two youngest children.

KUYPER OF HOLLAND

Dr. Kuyper, who is just now perhaps the most talked about person in Europe, says the "London Daily News," is one of the most picturesque figures that Dutch politics, or, indeed, any other politics, can boast. He is the leader of that religio-political party which is called "Anti-Revolutionist," or "Separatist." It is a party whose raison d'etre is an everlasting protest against the revolution of 1795, which not only abolished the state church, but made the state thenceforth the financial supporter of all creeds. The Separatists demand complete disendowment and, in religion as in trade, a fair field and no favor. Dr. Kuypr is fully convinced that the French Revolution thrust Holland off its historical line of development, and he wants to return, as nearly as possible, to the point reached before that event, or at any rate to lead the state forward in the old direction. There are, besides the party of Dr. Kuyper, roughly five others—the old Liberals, the Radico-Liberals, the Liberal Democrats and the Social Democrats.

Much as he must feel drawn to some of these on political and on economic grounds he chooses to stand aloof, and to ally his party to that of the Roman Catholics, who are in many ways the very antithesis of the Anti-Revolutionists. Why? Because the Roman Catholics, mistaken as they seem, do acknowledge the claims of religion, whereas the various Liberals profess to move without it.

According to Dr. Kuyper, the recognition of the Holy Scriptures is the only right basis for statesmanship. "Whosoever leaves the firm ground of God's word, the Holy Scriptures, the only true basis for private and public action, can have neither sound politics nor sound economics." It is the keynote to Dr. Kuyper's character, and accounts for his presence at the head of the centre section of a Tory or oligarchical party in Holland. Dr. Kuyper's more personal following is called by him the "Little People," and he has furnished his right wing with the nickname of "the men with the double names." So he is not quite at home, even with his nearest allies, but religion is a bond of union that he will be slow to break.

THE PLAYER FOLK.

It is a rather interesting bit of stage history to recall that James O'Neill made his debut on the stage in the very humble capacity of a super, carrying a spear in the extreme rear rank of the extra men employed by Edwin Forrest. Four years later O'Neill was leading juvenile for the tragedian. Mr. O'Neill was talking recently about Forrest and referred to the fact that, while he was regarded generally as an extremely harsh man, he was at times the essence of kindness.

"I had the pleasure of being in the cast," said Mr. O'Neill, "when Mr. Forrest made a large production of 'Virginius.' Effie Ellsler, then a young girl, played Virginia. There is a scene in the play in which Virginius refers to his wife, and one night Mr. Forrest seemed to act so naturally that he was overcome with emotion. It is one of the strongest scenes that Virginia has with her father, and Miss Ellsler acquitted herself nobly. After the act she went to Mr. Forrest and asked, in a particularly naive and ingenuous way: 'Do you think if I study hard that I will ever be able to play Virginia, Mr. Forrest?'

"Mr. Forrest's voice grew soft as he leaned down and kissed her on the forehead, and he replied:

"'Why, my child, you are Virginia.'

"Speaking of Forrest," Mr. O'Neill continued, "makes me think of the difference in the methods of training people for the stage then and now. When I was a youngster and first went in a stock company we had many advantages that it is impossible for a young man to enjoy today.

"We rehearsed every day at 10 o'clock, but all the utility men had to report at the theatre at 9 o'clock, where they would meet the stage manager and receive instructions in what might be termed deportment. We would have at least half an hour at fencing, and then devote about the same time to dancing. Sometimes we would be taught to use the broadsword or the cutlass. We were taught to walk as well as to talk. The result was that when a play like 'Don Caesar' or any of the swashbuckling pieces was staged the actors could fight on the stage with some degree of naturalness. They could at least make the audience think they were fighting."

EFFIE SHANNON,
Now Playing in New York with Herbert Kelcey.

NOT THE SAME BRIER BUSH.

The dramatization of Ian Maclaren's group of Scotch stories, "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," which will be seen next week at the Columbia Theatre, should not be confused with a stage version which was presented in this city at the Lafayette Square Theatre several seasons ago.

It will be remembered that the play at that time made a distinctly favorable impression, and J. H. Stoddart, who enacted the role of Lachlan Campbell, was greeted in a manner which left no doubt as to the general appreciation of his art. The first dramatization, however, was defective in a good many ways. It lacked a continuity of action, a coherence of story, and a perfection of construction, which seriously militated against its success.

Since that time, Kirke La Shelle, who gained possession of the play, has had it entirely rewritten by James MacArthur, who was assisted in his task by Mr. Augustus Thomas. While the basis of the story remains unchanged, the play has been infinitely improved in the matter of details in its construction, and Mr. MacArthur has been enabled by reason of his close sympathy with Highland life and his grasp of Ian Maclaren's ideas to give the piece a literary finesse and to add to it an atmosphere which makes it an unusual dramatic production.

* * *

Mrs. Sarah Cowell Le Moyne will produce Browning's "A Blot on the 'Scutcheon" at a series of special matinees during the months of March and April in New York. Early in October she will resume her starring tour and present two new plays.

Both plays have been secured for Mrs. Le Moyne by Miss Elizabeth Marbury. One is described as a picturesque romantic drama, full of stirring stage pictures and of moving situations. The central character is strong and of grim humor, offering acting possibilities peculiarly suited to Mrs. Le Moyne's personality.

The second play affords a distinct contrast. It is a brilliant comedy dealing with the life of an American woman who figured conspicuously in the social world in this city during the last years of the eighteenth century.

A Last Trip Through the Ill-Fated Maine.

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

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But for the newspapers, how many of us would have remembered the Maine last week? A little over four years ago a small steam yacht, belonging to a newspaper, anchored in Havana Harbor, within a cable's length of the big white ship I happened to be on board; courtesies were exchanged with Captain Sigsbee; and the day before we left I went over the ship with a lieutenant. He led me through every part of it, including the space between the inner hull and the armor.

It was the last time that trip was made by any human being. I chatted with the officers, and with some of the men; in a half jesting way, but with a certain underlying seriousness, almost all of them spoke of the possibility of being blown up where they lay. They had noted various suggestive symptoms. With one of the juniors (who was dead thirty hours later) I leaned over the rail and looked down into the turbid water, and we speculated as to what might be hidden beneath. That night came the cablegram recalling us to Key West, and incidentally preventing us from sharing the Maine's fate; but what a chance for a scoop was lost, had any of us survived.

A telegram announcing the catastrophe reached me on the train somewhere in North Carolina. The question asked so often since was asked then: "Was it an accident?" I alighted at the next station and sent forward a despatch to my paper affirming my conviction that the deed was deliberately committed. Surely no incident in many years aroused so deep a feeling in the country as that did, and none led to consequences so far-reaching; indeed, it altered the course of human history.

The President of the United States presses a button in Washington and sets the machinery going at the Chicago or the Buffalo fair. That impresses our imagination for a moment. But think of what resulted from pressing the button that destroyed the Maine! The man who did it played a great role in the world, and yet we know not who he was—at least very few of us do. He did more for the expansion of America than Dewey, Schley, the men of San Juan, or Congress in the Capitol. Let his infamy remain anonymous; but it will be immortal.

Meanwhile, how many of us remembered without being reminded that February 15 was the day. I certainly had exceptionally good reason to remember it, and yet I confess that I forgot it. Our ship of state is sailing fast these days, in strange seas, and our lookout ahead is much keener than astern. But we did remember the Maine; and Spain will sooner forget the expulsion of the Moors than that doomed ship which was their doom.

The protestations of England and Germany are academic and significant of a change of heart, but of small intrinsic importance. Whether they loved us or not, we do not care, but Uncle Sam would hardly repress a smile should it transpire that John Bull has been asking us to reciprocate an act of brotherly fidelity which was, all the time, a frustrated attempt to stab us in the back. Let us bear no grudges, however; since we are going forth to mingle with the world, we would best recognize betimes that international politics are not sentiment. There is no question of being loved, but only of being useful and being feared.

On the other hand, it is parochial to cavil at such conventional courtesies as sending complimentary witnesses to foreign coronations or entertaining visiting princes here at home. Because we are a Republic shall we have no manners? Our snobs and flunkies will rejoice, no doubt, but shall we banish summer in order to be rid of pestilent insects? We are delightfully simple and natural so long as we live out on the farm or hunt game with the pioneers, but when we choose to acquire the drawing room and banquet hall habit we must be prepared for ceremonies. Expansion may bring us wealth, but we are not to grumble if it costs us as much as it is worth and possibly a trifle more.

Lord Dufferin's unhappy death was the result of no fault of his own, but of the indiscriminate and conscienceless booming of things in general. Many an honest and legitimate enterprise looks no better than did that to which he lent his name. It was his right, and he might regard it as his duty, to promote a business that promised so plausibly to enrich all investors.

Reproach and punishment should be visited on the advertisers, not on the dupes. Anything, good or bad, is extravagantly advertised, the bad often more cunningly than the good. Let Dufferin be acquitted, and the advertiser, if he be accessible, hanged by all means.

THE WOOING OF A KING

How George III Courted Lady Sarah Lenox.

There is more real romance hid away in old memoirs and letters than in a whole library of modern novels. An illustration of this truth is afforded by the recent publications by Murray of "The Life and Letters of Lady Sarah Lennox, 1745-1826." This lady was a daughter of Charles II, Duke of Richmond, and successively the wife of Sir Thomas Charles Bunbury, Bart., and of the Hon. George Napier. The most interesting incident in this lady's career was the wooing of her by George III, the romantic story of which is told in a preliminary sketch by the first Lord Holland. Here is the record, living and warm, from a contemporary pen:

On Thursday, in March, Lady Susan was at Court with Ly Albemarle; Lady Sarah on the other side of the room with Ly Car. Fox. The King said to Lady Susan:

K.—You are going into Somersetshire; when do you return?

L. S.—Not before winter, sir, and I don't know how soon in winter.

K.—Is there nothing will bring you back to town before winter?

L. S.—I don't know of anything.

K.—Would you not like to see a Coronation?

L. S.—Yes, sir; I hope I should come to see that.

K.—I hear it's very popular my having put it off.

L. S.—(Nothing.)

K.—Won't it be a much finer sight when there is a queen?

L. S.—To be sure, sir.

K.—I have had a great many applications from abroad, but I don't like them. I have had none at home; I should like that better.

L. S.—(Nothing; frightened.)

K.—What do you think of your friend? You know who I mean; don't you think her fittest?

L. S.—Think, sir.

K.—I think none so fit.

He then went across the room to Lady Sarah, bid her ask her friend what he had been saying, & make her tell her, & tell her all. She assur'd him she would.

H. M. is not given to joke, & this would be a very bad joke, too. Is it serious? Strange if it is, & a strange way of going about it.

We are all impatient to know, & the next Sunday or the Sunday se'ennight Lady Sarah goes to court, out of humor, & had been crying all the morning.

The moment the King saw her, he go's to her.

K.—Have you seen your friend lately?

L. S.—Yes.

K.—Has she told you what I said to her?

L. S.—Yes.

K.—All?

L. S.—Yes.

K.—Do you approve?

L. S. made no answer, but look'd as cross as she could. H. M. affronted left her, seem'd confused & left the Drawing room.

(As it happened Lady Smith was at that time immersed in a flirtation with Lord Newbattle, "a vain, insignificant puppy, lively, but not ugly," and probably she was out of humor with herself at being unable to seize the opportunity offered. Soon after the incident Lady Sarah broke her leg when hunting in Somersetshire, where she was detained for some little time.) The memoir continues thus:

On May 22d Lady Sarah returns: on the 29th goes to the Play. Whether the King on hearing it, as the Duke thinks, or by chance, went, it is certain he showed great pleasure on seeing her. The Sunday after, as soon as his eyes found her in the Drawing-room, which he did not expect, he colour'd, & came up to her eager and in haste, & talked much & graciously.

But on Thursday, at the Birthday ball, he had no eyes but for her, & hardly talked to anybody else. He brought her (by leaning forward & stopping often) to come forward & stand by the side of his fauteuil; all eyes were fixed on them, & the next morning all tongues observing on the particularity of his behaviour, if it can be thought particular that a young King should not be able to avoid shewing the strongest symptoms of love & of desire for the prettyest creature in the world; for, if possible, she look'd prettyer that night than ever.

Her Ladyship, with modesty very natural to her, and yet with looks as unaffected, returned the fondness of his eyes & gallantry of his discourse as much as ever he could wish. He is in love with her, & it is no less certain she loves him; and if she now ever thinks of Newbattle it is to vex and hate herself for the foolish transaction I before related. It were impossible to write down so much discourse as the King held with her, nor was that so remarkable as the language des yeux.

Among other things, he desired his sister to dance "Betty Blue;" "A dance, madam," says he to Lady Sarah, "that you are acquainted with. I am very fond of it because it was taught me by a lady," looking very significantly. She really did not know what he meant. "A very lady," says he, "that came from Ireland November was a twelvemonth." She then knew, but did not then pretend to know. "I am talking to her now," says he; "she taught it me at the ball on Twelfth night." "Indeed, sir," says she, "I did not remember it." "That may be," says he, "but I have a very good memory for whatever relates to that lady. I had got a pretty new country dance of my own for the late King's birthday, if he had lived to it, and I named it 'The 25th of February.'" (which is Lady Sarah's birthday).

She colored, and in this pretty way did these two lovers entertain one another and the eyes of the whole ballroom for an hour. He stopped very remarkably as he was going, and turned and spoke again and again, as if he could not force himself from her.

Lady Sarah stayed, and on Thursday, June 18, went to court with Lady Kildare. The King looked and was exceedingly fond & said loud enough for Lady Kildare to hear, "I was told you were to go out of town. If you had gone I should have been miserable. For God's sake think of what I hinted to Lady Susan Strangeways before you went to the country." Again, "For God's sake remember what I said to Lady Susan before you went to the country, and believe that I have the strongest attachment."

These last words were spoken extremely loud, and the whole with the greatest seriousness and fervor.

But it was not to be, and at the King's marriage, which took place within a few weeks, Lady Sarah was not a bride, only a bride's maid.

PILGRIMAGES TO ROME AND WHAT THEY MEAN

By the Rev. PETER DONAHUE, Rector of St. James Pro-Cathedral, Brooklyn.

SOON after Easter a pilgrimage to Rome will be made by some twenty or twenty-five Brooklyn clergy and twelve or more laymen, headed by Bishop McDonnell, in honor of the twenty-fifth year of Pope Leo's pontificate. This is but one of many pilgrimages that will be made from all parts of the world to honor this event. It is rare that we have the pleasure of thus celebrating so long a reign of any Pope. Pius IX reigned thirty-one years and Pius VI twenty-four, but with these two exceptions no one since St. Peter has been permitted to occupy his chair for two score years. It is remarkable in the case of Pope Leo, as he was sixty-eight years of age when he was elected to the office.

Pilgrimages to Rome have been known and practiced since the earliest times. Charlemagne, Alfred the Great, and St. Louis, are the names of some of those who have organized and headed journeys of this nature. In Bede and the early English chronicles frequent mention is made of such pilgrimages. It was considered the greatest ambition of every earnest Christian, from King Canute to the poorest of subjects, and the practice has continued to this day with great benefit to religious society as a whole.

To visit the ancient capital of the world, to receive the benediction of St. Peter, kings have abandoned their thrones, bishops have intrusted their flocks to others, and clergy and laity, monks and nuns, have followed the example set them in journeying to the spot where they have heard the voice of the Vicar of Christ confirming their faith and that of all true believers.

Years ago, before the present means of intercourse, it was essential that pilgrimages of this kind be made and constant communication be kept between the various parts of the apostolic body. In the Middle Ages there was no other method of keeping in touch with the Holy See. In no other way could the outlying parts of Christendom be knit to their ecclesiastic centre.

We all know the power of personal magnetism. No other force equals it. And even with our wonderful and intricate methods of communication today—although we can hear the voices of our friends over telephone wires hundreds of miles away and may soon be able to gird the world with wireless speech, there will always be something lacking without the personal contact of man to man. And so the journeys to Rome are still practiced and will be for all time.

German Comment on the United States

The journals of the German capital appear to have reserved their editorial pages for America. The subject of domestic politics is dropped and the relations of all other countries for the moment are forgotten in long, kindly comments upon the United States and Prince Henry's visit. The "Vossische Zeitung" represents the general newspaper vein in the following article:

"Is it instinctive admiration for the monarchies of the Old World that finds expression in these enthusiastic demonstrations? Certainly not. The citizens of the United States are so thoroughly permeated with the greatness of their own history and with love for their republican heroes and statesmen and they look with such conscious pride upon their starry banner that nothing is further from them than to pay devotion to dynastic institutions. Their joy and zeal spring rather from satisfaction at being able to show a representative of one of the foremost ruling houses how prodigiously the commonwealth has developed under the protection of liberty and how new civilization, wealth and power have been created by a well-governed people.

"This feeling of satisfaction is justified, for glorious enough has been the development of the former British colonies since the achievement of their independence. It has produced men holding places of honor in the annals of all times. Names like Washington, Franklin and Lincoln rank with the best in the pages of the world's history. The generals and politicians of the New World are equal to those of the Old. In patriotism, public spirit, self-sacrifice the people of this great Republic will not take second place to the people of any monarchy.

"The economic capacity of the Americans is growing greater and greater, and their share in the achievements, in the technique of scientific work and in the intellectual life of the civilized world grows larger continually.

"It was Emperor William's unreserved admiration for these imposing facts that suggested offering to the United States greetings through his brother, to show that the same spirit is still alive in the Hohenzollern house and the German people that the Great Frederick showed in recognizing and felicitating the young Republic."

In the Parisian Swim.

Count Boston de Talleyrand-Perigord, who married Miss Helen Morton, daughter of Levi P. Morton, has received as a gift from his mother the famous "Hotel de Sagan," the finest private residence in the French capital. When the grandfather of Count Talleyrand-Perigord bought the place forty years ago it was found to be honeycombed with secret passages and chambers. Panels which opened when springs were touched were all over the place, and many were cunningly concealed. The dining room contains a table at which 125 guests can be comfortably seated. The ballroom will hold 1,000 persons without crowding. Former Vice President Morton has given each of his daughters a home in New York city. With the new home in Paris the handsome daughter of the New York financier and her titled husband are equipped for entertaining better than any other residents of the French capital. Countess Helen has an income of $30,000 a year from the wedding gift of her mother.

Drew Money on Laundry Mark.

The initials of his name inscribed on the inside of his collar served as identification for a traveling man at the post-office yesterday and enabled him to secure cash on a $50 money order.

He had received a letter from his house directing him to go to Grand Rapids, Mich., and enclosing the money order. He packed his grip and stopped at the post-office on his way to the railway station. He had but a few minutes, and when the clerk demanded identification the man was unable to furnish it, and delay meant missing his train.

After appealing and arguing with the clerk in vain, he was taken before Assistant Postmaster Hubbard. At that official's request the traveling man removed his collar. There were the initials corresponding with the name on the money order advice. It was considered sufficient identification, and the cash was turned over.—Chicago Tribune.

Paris' Woman Lawyer.

An unusual privilege obtained by Mme. Dieulafoye as a reward for her discovery of the ruins of the Temple of Darius, part of which were removed to the Louvre in Paris, was that she should ever more have the right to wear male attire. The eminent archaeologist has not been slow to avail herself of the privilege. There are no compromises between the habiliments of men and women in the attire of Mme. Dieulafoye. Her appearance is masculine, save for the slight bang which falls over her forehead and her rosy cheeks and feminine cast of countenance. On her walks abroad she wears a silk hat.

Besides the dispensation regarding her attire, Mme. Dieulafoye was rewarded for her valuable services to the cause of science with the medal of the Legion of Honor. She has done some literary work and recently wrote the libretto for an Egyptian opera by a French composer, the publication of which is awaited with interest in Paris.

The Happy Land of Harvest.

The seed'll soon be dreamin' of the harvest fur away,
The tender shoots be heavy with the dewdrops of the May,
Out of sorrow comes a singin', out of darkness brightest day—
We're goin' to the happy land of harvest!

The toil will teach us lessons, an' faith will keep us strong,
The light shine on our pathway all the weary way along,
An' we'll raise our happy voices in a halleluia song—
We're goin' to the happy land of harvest!

—Frank L. Stanton.

Their Loss Our Gain.

"Women have no sense of humor," said he.

"That is a dispensation of Providence for which the men should be truly thankful," she retorted. "Providence deprived women of a sense of humor that they might not notice how preposterously absurd the men are when they're in love."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Locking the Gates of the Tower.

A change in the wording of the ancient ceremony of locking up the gates of the Tower of London has taken place with the accession of King Edward VII. The keys are no longer announced as "Queen Victoria's" keys, but as "King Edward's" keys. Every night, fine or stormy, the quaint ceremony takes place. On the stroke of 11 Mr. Middleton, the yeoman porter, obtains his escort from the guard and proceeds by the light of an old-fashioned lantern carried by one of the soldiers to visit and lock up for the night portals one, two and three. This completed, he proceeds through the arch of the Bloody Tower to the space in front of the guard house. "Who goes there?" queries the sentry. "The keys." "Whose keys?" "King Edward's keys." "Advance, keys." The yeoman porter advances one pace in front of his escort and solemnly raises his hat, and with a clear, ringing voice cries, "God preserve King Edward VII." The guard and escort present arms and the ceremony is over.